SPORT WITH ROD AND GUN.

Recreation and Adventure in Woods and Field.

SOME TIPS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

The Interesting Snake and Bear Region About Him.

invaluable Hints to the Chief Executive or His Enjoyment During His Sammer Onling - Mighty Hunters of Mendow Mountain Whom He Should Know-A Famous Hattlesnake Expert who Has a Sort of Private Den-The Alluring Features of Rattlesnake Porch-Even the Infants Are Naturalists of No Ordinary Attainments-The People as Interesting in Their Way as the Snakes.

DEER PARK, Md., July 20 .- The President an have a good time at Deer Park this summer if he picks his friends right. There are he Brownings over nigh Meadow Mountain; ther're great hunters, and if the President ats to bring down a pheasant or a woodook without the law knowing anything about t he only needs to get a pull on Jem Browning. It isn't pheasant season, and there's a fine of \$10 for shooting one woodcock, but there are ways of getting around these Garrett county laws, and Jem Browning knows them Jam has only one fluger on his right hand. He rears ago. This is the way Jem tells the story. and the President ought to hear it from Jem Some sorter cuss had ben stealin' my sheep fer nigh a week. The tracks said bar, so trapped fer bar. One mornin' I wenter the dillberry patch whar I'd sot the trap, and thar, toby sure, war a black bar. I got my knife out ter kill it. au' it lay low till I out its paws loose. Then the cusa, toby sure, jest snapped off my fingers clean ter the knucles." Jem's relatives discount his story a little bit. They say the kuife sliced them off, and Uncle Billy always adds as proof, "No kinder bar woulder stopped at Jem's fingers."

Old Lochiel doesn't take account of either story, but then he doesn't set much store by

Old Lochiel is another man President Harrison ought to meet if he wants to know the inside track of the animals hereabouts. Old

the decay of the sloughed skin, and a mountaineer can seen; it five miles away.

Jem Browning and a few of his friends go up to the den every evening in April and shoot into the mass. The builets don't usually kill more than one at a time, but anything like a noise makes the rattlers mad, and they swallow and squeeze cach other to death. Then, too tangled up as they are, they can't tell when they're dead. It's a sort of progressive mortality. Jem told me he had seen as many as 500 in this den, but the Fresident may not be able to find it. There are plenty of others with from fifty to a hondred in the jack-pot if he slips up on the Browning den. The mountaineers can never tell an exact location.

Is it live miles from Deer Park to Rattlessake Den?" said I to one of the younger Brownings.

"Naw, not so lard as that."

"Four, then?"

"Naw, not so neard as that."

"Four, then?"
"New, not so neard as that."
The President may meet this same boy, and he should not be discouraged, but just follow the scent. He should not expect the mountaineers to tell all they know at once. No matter what he asks, the answer will always be. "Don naw," and then the native will wriggle out stories as long as an angleworm. I found this out from little Willie Cramp, a boy who lives on the linckbone.
"Willie," said I, "did you ever kill a rattle-sanker."

Sanke?"
Don naw. I kilt ten last summer."
"How, all at once?"
"Don naw. Never kill mor'n one at wanst."
"With a silek?"
"With a silek?"
"Jost tooker stone, an', b'gosh, I made er talls fly." "Don naw. Jest tooker stone, an', b'gosh, I made or tails fly."
The President will have to meet Willie, as Wille goes everywhere.
Old Localie is more accurate than most of the mountaineers. He can tell exactly how far away two snakes were that he saw has something the was sitting on a shelving rock flshing down in the Gulch. Just as he was about to haulin his n'in trout—he says it was his s9th, but we licall it n'th because it might have been more—he was her pulling on the line when he heard a rattle. He couldn't tell where it came from. When Localiei got his second warning he decided that the snakes were under him, and sure enough there were two five-foot snakes curled up under the rock he had been afting on. President Harrison will recognize the danger of Localiel's position when he indes out that he was barefoot.
Localie kent the skins of these two rattlers, because, as he put it. "It war nigher to rattlers than I ken it agin."
All the jestic around Deer Park discredit the story of rattlesankes attacking people. They say a rattle make always acts on the deciming.
All the jestic around nearly opinion that if the Fresident wants to neet one he will have to go out let the hurvest field and wind one up as a withe around a sheaf. It may bite him, as a fattle-nake objects to have any one else wind his tail.

resident wants to meet one he will have to no out just the harvest field and wind one up as a withe around a sheaf. It may bite him, as a ratile-nake objects to have any one else wind his tail.

There is one place Mr. Harrison should go to when he sets tired of the high-toned people around the hotel, and that's to Rattlesmake Porch, foil Lochiel's brother lives there, and instead of killing snakes he always keeps and tames them. There are about twenty-live on hand now, and tween day Lochiel's brother less them out for a little turn on the porch. They're great goers, and when one goes to-slip off Lige lust throws out a lasso made for the purpose and cornels them all into the box.

Now of the children around here believes that saakes charm tirds. Nod Browningsays:

"It's lest this here way. A snake makes for a neet an the mother bird flies around its head to seer it off. She gits so tired that she drops right down inter the snake's mouth. That's all er is about snake charmin." I don't believe all Ned says, though. He told me there was a kind of snake over on Meadow Mountain that went into a heads nest arranged the eggs in a row, and then swallowed them all, going out and twisting itself around a big tree to crack the shells. It would be just as well for the President ought to know the Males, too. There are these families of them, one over near Boiling Sprint; one down in the Glades, and a third over near Backbone Mountain. He won't get much in the way of book larnin" from them as the six-foot Males can't read nor write, and for three generations the children have come to school with the same speller—the only book lary will ever study.

Asaly all these families are descendants of lugitive from justice, who fled to the Maryhand hills filly years ago, and, from a sociological point of view, the President ought to be able to hake at least one acticle for a scientific monthly from his intercourse with them. He will find that Hayli is not the only place where a race is

STORIES FOR VACATION

deteriorating. The only things they keep from their educated ancestors are their names. I met one of them the other day near Boiling Spring—a wild little creature. I thought I spring—a wild little creature. I thought I secondary her in Charles Eg. bert Craddock's "Drilling Down Loost Creek," and then when she was a little cider. In "The Prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the Prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the Prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the Prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the Prophet of the Great Smoky," and still again the Prophet of the great Smoky," and the prophet of the great Smoky, and the great Smoky, and the prophet of the great Smoky, and the great Smoky, and

What is you."
Lucretia—"
"Borgia?"
Maic. D'ye wanter buy rodenderns?"
All the female Males sell rhododendrons,
What is your mother's name?"
"Marie Josephine Oneta."
"And your father's?"
"Lucretia Male?" Lucius Regnal." Where do you live, Lucretta Male?"

Lucius Regnai.

"Where do you live, Lucretia Male?"

"Over hyah a piece."

"How far?"

"Don naw."

"Have you a sweethcart?" They all had in Charles Exbert Craddock's stories.

"Aw, git out." and Lucretia turned, sped through the glowering gloaming, her litheness supple as the twiga through which she sinued, and the harm sto, ped harnting.

The President will find it impossible to avoid this style of speech when describing Lucretia.

"Who's this girl I saw down here?" I asked Willie Cramp when I met him a little later.

"Don naw. A bushy-headed black gir?"

"No. A dusky, fawn-like elf. with vivid eyes and oben tress—name, Lucretia."

"I's jest Cresh Male. She licks all the boys at school. I seen her lay out the bigges fellers, She jost lights into em liker catamount. Willie's father come up just then, and I asked him about Lucretia. as I saw that Willie had been licked by her, and could give no impartial account.

"Shucks, them Wales!" said the alder Cramp.

been licked by her, and could give no impartial account.

Shucks, them Males!" said the elder Cramp.

"They're three-fourths Injun an' one-half nigger. Shucks, them Males!"

From Cramp's further account I learned that the Males!"

From Cramp's further account I learned that the Males also had a strais of Portuguese, a vein of Spanish, and a taint of Mexican in their blood. With such a make up, it won't do for the President to get in very deep with the Males, but there are loss of fine families over on the Roman Nose Mountain that will be glad to meet him. Hell find all the people around Deer Park generous. I heard one woman call out to her neighbors, "Jest come over enny time, Sary Atin, an' git some suds." A people that lend their suds cannot be inhospitable to a President, and the only thing he cannot berow is a demiljohn, as Garrett county went local option by a fifteen majority.

TROUTING IN CONNECTICUT.

The Picturesqueness of the Sport and Its Substantial Rewards,

Nonwich. July 20 .- The trouting season of 1889 was a remarkably good one in Cennecticut, and it is a poor sportsman who has not wonderful fish stories to relate and trophies with which to substantiate his assertions. Such a time for trout had not been known before in the past twenty years. The rollicking streams in the eastern part of the State fairly teemed with them, and not only were the catches larger, but the fish were bigger than ordinarily. It was a poor sportsman who could not bag from thirty to sixty fair-sized trout in day, and a string of twenty fish weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds did not provoke unusual exultation. Not less than forty or fifty two and two-and-a-half-pound trout have been taken in the brooks of eastern Connecticut since April 1, and there are plenty of such big fellows left in the streams to make fun

another year. Connecticut city sportsmen usually fish in pairs through the whole season. To reach their favorite fields they drive from five to twenty miles, and they quit the town in a lightson ought to meet if he wants to know the inside track of the animals hereabouts. Old Lochiel always listens to the two stories of Jem's "defineration," then he grins, winks his good left eye, and with a few well-chosen expletives makes one have a very poor opinion of Jem Browning. "Shucks," he says, with a chuckle. "Jem Browning ani oaught no bars. His fingers was sawed off by a thrasning machine. The last bar I hearn tell was over to Dobbine's farm in West Virginia. Sister Sliury was pickin' black berries over thar an'she see ablack hawg on the other side of the fonce. She reached over fer ter to poke it and it was a big black bar. Shury ran an' tole the mea an' they shot it. That's the last bar hereabouts. Bury ran an' tole the mea an' they shot it. That's the last bar hereabouts. Shury ran an' tole the mea an' they shot it. That's the last bar hereabouts. Bug black berries over thar an' she so may be been making since the gailes and strike lors a big pile of rocks near the Browning farm. The Brownings always some. They crawl down into the rocks and into a sort of catacombs they have been making since the silurian age. You can go there from November to April and not see a rattler, but notowards succeed by the wind, is strewn in a swath along the ground. To a metropolitan decline, which is a stream in the sanktone from pattlesnake.

Old Lochiel says. "Its the puritest sight long to's any long a rad that swaths the litch of April they begin to come out to sun themsoeves, and in a few days you can't tell sandstone from rattlesnake.

Old Lochiel says. "Its the puritest sight long to'ards sucset to go up thar an' see the ratitiesnake smell." It comes from the decay of the sloughed skin, and a mountaineer can sent it five miles away.

Jem Browning and a few of his friends go up to the deer very avening in April and, shoot the situation, "It was a strike lore of the shought of the story of the shought of the story of the shought of the sandscone out on the rocks from what they sandscone out on the rocks from what t running buggy, with a lively horse, at an hour

honrely as good morning. and a little later goes duraly as good morning. and a little later goes duraly as good morning. And a little later goes duraly overhead in half an hour it also all gain to the hillsides flush with vellow flames, and the meadows shine belewelled with dew. At issisted farmy arris the cows got up. laxly stretching their limbs: the farmer sallies out of the house, milking pallon arm is from cavernous house chimneys a thin ribbon of smoke curls upward, there is a stir of lie abroad, and the city dweller has seen a new day begin in the country.

The city trout fisherman now looks about him for a convenient farm house and a good-natured farmer, with whom he may stable his team while he is following the promising brooks in the neighborhood. Usually it is not difficult to attain that the order of his brooks in the neighborhood. Usually it is not difficult to attain that the order of his habit to attain the forenone rawing through tangled swamps. staiking through onen meadows, or plunging among the rocks, when the brook he is following takes a tumble down a ragged hillside, leaded and tired, he gets back to the house at noon, with perhaps a dozen or two half-pound trout in his creef, and in the afternoon he seeks another avorite piscatorial field. In the cool evening twill the drives back to town, hungry, weary, yet within refreshed, and confident of his ability to score ten hours of freamless sleep, though the seeks had been some very happy trout fishermen in this quarter of the State, and their gies was caused by the giant trout they bagged this season. Just as soon as the season opened, and it was a phenominally early one, the sportsmen began to report the capture of heavy lish. So many catches of big frout they bagged this season of the brooks at lea-t one pound and a laif or two bound fish had very little to say lils season. In the first week in April and e Crump of the Common Flores court of this county took two laws that fish of the count of the count of the which had been carrying around

One day recently two lively Boston drummers

Norwich and Worcester Enilitod, and part of the time ther seen in trying." The suggistion at the time they all court in the time they had to ent poles and dig worms for balt. In half an hour they had can tured in sequence on they had not ent poles and dig worms for balt. In half an hour they had can they had not enter he had been they had they had to enter they had can they had not enter they had can they had not enter they had can they had to they had they had not had not they had not had not they had not had not

Senator Edmunds's Return-A Canceman's

QUEBEC, July 19 .- Senator Edmunds of Vermont, who has been away fishing for salmon for the last month on the wild north coast on Saturday in the steamer Vega, which he chartered for his trip. Amos R, Little and David Yates of Philadelphia, as well as Gen. Wells and Henry Sampson, returned with the Senator yesterday, J. G. A. Creighton of Ottawa, the author of "The Land of the Wina-Winanishe" in the May Scribner, remains on on the Natashquan River. It was in this stream that the party secured its finest sport, killing in all over 360 salmon. The returned members of the party report a most enjoyable trip, marred only by an unfortunate accident which occurred on the Natashquan River, on June 28, whereby a canceman named Jacques Bacon, belonging to Chicoutimi, was drowned. Bacon was paddling Mr. J. G. A. Creighton of Ottawa, While the latter was playing a saimon the cance was upset, it is supposed by Bacon unc-asciously letting it get too close under a small hall. He sank at once, and was carried over the first fall below, some twenty feet high. Mr. Creighton had a wonderful escape, just succeeding in swimming across the current and reaching the shore at the very verge of the fall. The accident was winessed by some of the party on the opposite shore, who were powerless to afford any aid. The body was recovered a week later, and buried by the curr of Natashquan The decensed was well known by American fishermen visiting the rivers on the north shore, and was as an expert canceman and guide.

This Natashquan River, though one of the best salmon rivers in the world, has a dreadful reputation. Sport is everywhere here attended with the greatest of danger. Here it was that some yours mg Walier Macfarlane, one of Montical's merenant princes, lost his life, and uniberous other disasters are attached to its name, including the drowning of a young English guardsman named Astley, related to a ducal lamily, and who persisted in his attempt to run the Devil's Whirlpool, despite the warring and protests of his Indians.

The fishing in the rivers on the south shore of the St. Lawrences has been much less successful so far this season than ordinarily. The Gevernor-General of Canada and Lady Stanley of Preston and their suite have taken much fewer fish this year than last on the Cascapedia. They are not expected up for another former years. The same tale is told by the Hon. J. C. Abbott and Mr. Henry Hogan, proprietor of St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. On the other hand, excellent sport is reported from the Restigouche by Billy Florence, the actor; J. L. Oadwallader, the Rev. Dr. Bainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, and a newly elected member of the Restigouche Salmon Club. and W. H. quan River, on June 28, whereby a canceman named Jacques Bacon, belonging to Chicouclose upon 30 pounds each.

A BOLD PICKEREL

As Well as a Tough Sundah and a Faithful

HONESDALE, Pa., July 20 .- Within from one to four hours' drive from Honesdale there are 154 mountain lakes, none of them less than 800 feet above tide level. One of the prettiest of these sheets of water is Sand Pond, seven miles distant. It is noted for the aggra-vating independence of the black base, with which it teems, and for the size and cool impudence of its pickerel. A few days ago Editor correspondent were fishing for bait fish in the outlet of the pend preparatory to a solemnly premeditated raid upon its base and pickerel. They were fishing with tiny minnow hooks tied to black linen thread for lines. The shallow water among the rushes and lify pods was alive with shiners, young sunfish and young perch. The bait pall had been nearly filled with attractive bait. was alive with shiners, young sunish, and young perch. The bait pail had been nearly filled with attractive bait.

The Sun man hooked a sunfish. As he was drawing it in a huge nickerel darted out from somewhere among the weeds and made a victous strike at the sunfish just as it was pulled out of the water. The splash of the big fish's tail as he turned after his unsuccessful

strike threw the water almost into the boat. The sunfish was quickly dropped back into the pond, the fishermen being curious to see if the plokerel would have the audaeity to make another rush for it under their very noses. The little lish had gone scarcely two feet from the boat, with the book in its upper jaw, when the pickerel, which had disappeared among the lily pods, shot from his lair and seized it. The momentum of his rush carried him two or three feet. He stopped in plain sight of the two fishermen and deliberately made his prenarations for gorging his proy. He had seized it tall first, but by a number of quick jerky movements of his great jaws turned the sunfish until its head was where its tail had been, and then he gave a gulp or two and the sunfish disappeared in his capacious maw. The sunfish was probably three inches long. After swallowing his prey the pickerol remained motionless for a few seconds, as if gloating over his capture. Then he turned and started for deep water.

The hook was fast to the sunfish and as the sunfish was a foot or so within the pickerol's depths the fishermen could see no way in which the plokerol remained motionless for a few seconds, as if gloating over his capture. Then he turned and started for could reach the point he had started for unless he gave them back the hook and the fish or took them and the boat along with him. When the line drew taut the pickerel seemed to be for the first time aware that he had got himself in a situation that might make him trouble, and for a time it looked as if he intended to take fishermen and boat along with him. The lines thread was strong, but as wire snellia are not regarded as any too formidable bits of tackie to have next to a pickerel when he takes the book the prospects for the thread holding out against that big fellow until he was captured were not reassuring. But both fishermen understood the handling of light tackle, and if the pickerel had persisted in retaining the sunfish and in his efforts to capture the fishermen and at any rate, when the sum the hook and tossed into the water for dead, but this particular fish wasn't so ensity satisfied. It lay on the water stiff and motionless and badly seared, for a few seconds, and then began to shiver and wiggle about. Presently it dived beneath the surface, swimming strong, but like a cripple. It was quickly surrounded by scores of full-grown sunfish, who escerted the wounded little one tenderly away until they were all hidden among the rushes.

IT DROKE UP THE CAMP. Experience of a Philadelphia Party That

SCRANTON, July 20 .- Four Philadelphia youths came up to the Spring Brook woods last Monday and nitched their tent for a week's outing. They stayed two nights, and then packed up their duds and went home, declaring that the region was a little too wild for comfort. It was very sultry on Tuesday night; not a breath of air stirred the leaves over their camp, and their tent was a sweltering spot to stay in. They couldn't get any sleep there.

camp, and their tent was a sweltering spot to stay in. They couldn't get any sleep there, and so they strung hammocks outside of the tent and lay down in them. One of the dudes kept his boots on and was wakeful. The others took off their boots and were son sleeping.

The sleepless Philadelphian occupied one of the end hammocks, and it was long after midnight before he fell into a doze. He was soon aroused by the movements of a dark object close to his hammock, and he reached out his right foot and gave it a kick. The object snorted and dashed under the other hammocks. They hung so low that the object's back struck against them, and the three sleepers were violently thrown to the ground. Then the whole camp was in an uproar, levolvers were lired into the blackness of the woods in the direction taken by the dark object, and after that torches were lighted and a search was made for the nocturnal prowler. Big tracks were found in the soft earth several rods away, and the campers came to the conclusion that a large bear had disturbed them in their sylvan bower. They didn't sleep any more that night, and on Wednesday morning they found blood on the bushes where the tracks were. They didn't search any further for the bear, but get flundlo Scott to cart their effects over to the railroad-tation, telling him that they didn't propose to be decoured by bears this year.

That afternoon Scott looked for the bear. He found it near the edge of Sweetflag swamp. It was dead, and it had three builet holes in its head and shoulders.

SEVEN CROWS AT BREAKFAST.

A few days ago Mr. Charles Chapman of Ridgewood Park was aroused from his morning slumber by the veclferous cawing of crows

under his window. Occasionally with the chorus was mingled the savage growling of his faithful watchdog, but the dog's disapproval did not seem to disconcert the birds, for they only cawed louder and more exultantly, and it was clear that they considered themselves, col-lectively, to be more than a match for him. Mr. Chapman arose and looked out upon the wide, smooth lawn before his house. He saw

wide, smooth lawn before his house. He saw seven large blue-black crows breakfasting upon something that seemed to be more than ordinarily delicate, judged by the tumult they were making over it. The dog was standing a score of yards away cursing them in canino dialect, but not daring to attack them. Mr. Chaoman called alt the members of his family to watch the breakfast party on the lawn.

"Those," he said, "are true carrion crows, but they are obliged, for the mest part, to live on grain and fruit, because they can get little else. They are perfectly happy now, for they have found a lump of refuse meat to eat."

But the cold, who was looking out of the window with the others, had formed a different opinion, and, being a woman of few words, she expressed it thus:

"I can't find the hind quarter of mutton anywhere, it was hancing up on a low hook in the larder last night, and it's, not there this more.

expressed it thus:

"I can't find the bind quarter of mutton anywhere. It was handing up on a low book in the larder last night, and it's not there this morning. I'm thinking the crows stole it."

This suggestion seemed absurd, but Mr. Chapman was not disposed to waste any time in reasoning. Followed by his family, he rushed out upon the lawn, and drove away the crows. They went with load complainings, and left behind them the torn remains of the noble hind quarter of mutton that was to have been served at 7 o'clock in the evening. There was very intie of the meat still on the grass, but the small remnant bere pianity the marks of the dog's teeth. The lastificus crows had not touched the parts already gnawed.

The conclusion was irresistible. The larder door had been left open, and the dog, faise to his trust, had stolen the meat by the night and carried it out to the lawn. There the crows drove him away and appropriated the Chapman family's dinner.

DECKER'S BATTLE WITH A HAWR. The Bird Contests Possession of a Fish, and Is Came to the Last.

Pocono, Pa., July 19 .- George Decker, a Monroe county fisherman, was fishing a few days ago in Goose Pond. He hooked a pickeral, and while he was recling it in a big fish hawk. that had been sailing around at a great height above the pond all day without favorably locating any prey, swooped down and seized Decker's pickerel in its talons. The pickerel was at the end of about fifty feet of line when the hawk struck it. As the hawk arose from the water with the fish it quickly recied out all the line, which was 150 feet in length. Decker braced himself and hung on to his pole, which was a long bamboo in one piece. When the hawk had run all the line out, the hook being still firm in the pickerei's jaw, the big bird was brought to a standstill. The line was strong enough to hold out against all the hawk's tugging at it, and the hook was so deep-

enough to hold out against all the hawk's tugging at it, and the hook was so deeply imbedded in the pickerel's bony jaw that the strain, great as it was, did not tear it loose, the hawk's strength started the beat, and the bird was soon towing it across the bond by means of the hook in the pickerel's jaw and the pole in the daherman's hands.

The hawk's audacious act in swooping down upon the booked pickerel so dumfounded becker that he had been towed some distance before he awoke to the necessity of making an effort if he wanted to save his lish and tacke. He had a medium-sized six-shooter with him, and, drawing it, he began peppering away at the hawk. Only one of the shiels took effect, and that was the last one. It struck the hawk in one of its leas, With a snarp cry the bird released its hold on the pickerel, and the latter tumbled back into the water. But the hawk was not through with Lecker yet. Upon dropping the pickerel the ugly bird darted savagely down upon the fisherman, and attacked him in the boat. This was a movement so entirely unexpected to the fisherman that he was carried completely off his feet by the force of the hawk's assault. The hawk fastened its claws in Decker's shirt at the waist, and began a vigorous onshaught with its powerful beak, seeking to drive it into the fisherman's eyes. Decker had dropped his jole, but retained his pistel in his hand. This was empty nowever, and the only use he could make of it was to use it as a billy in defonding himself. By raining blows on the bird's lead and needs, while he protected his lace and eyes with his other arm, he managed to fight the bird off until he regained his loct, when he thought that the regained his loct, when he thought that the

bird would either give up the fight or could be easily disposed of.

The hawk, however, showed not the slightest disposition to give up, but resumed its attack with renewed vigor. The narrow bont visced Decker at great disadvantage, as it rocked and tipped at every movement he made and rendered his footing so uncertain that he had to guard against tumbling into the pond as well as against the hawk's desperate images and strikes. Decker at last managed to make a successful grab at the hawk, and selzed it with both hands around the neck. This would soon have choked the bird to death, but in making the grab the fisherman tipped the boat far over to one side, and before he could recover his balance he pitched headiong into the pond, carrying the hawk, which rose from the water, and Decker struck out for his capsized boat. The hawk's blood was still up, and as the swamped fisherman was swimming to the boat the bird swooped down upon him and fastened its talons in Decker's hait, his head being the only part of him above water. Decker's hair was thick and heavy, and the hawk secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at Decker's hair was thick and heavy, and the hawk secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at Decker's hair was thick and heavy, and the hawk secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at Decker's hair bod in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away it becker's bair was thick and heavy, and the hawk secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and tugged away at the secured a lire hold in it and the lire he water, and, seizing the hawk with one hand by one of its l bird would either give up the fight or could be easily disposed of.

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STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

Some Noteworthy Instances of Cantne Intelligence and Conning. Mr. Eugene Jepson, the actor, has a big shaggy dog of Newfoundland and collie ancestry which has recently exhibited unsuspected traits that have led his master to surmise that there may be something in the theory of metempsychosis after all. The animal is named Gretch, after the detective in "Fedora," which rôle Mr. Jenson once assumed. Gretch is usually allowed to sit in the dining room of Mr. Jepson's nome at Fort Lee while the familyeat. He was unintentionally excluded not long ago by the blowing-to of a door. After a little while his absence was noted by his master, who went out to look for him. Mr. Jepson found the dog in the yard sobbing like a child, with big tears trickling off bis black

Jepson found the dog in the yard sobbing like a child, with big tears trickling off bis black muzzle. He refused to be comforted, and would not be persuaded to enter the dining room that evening.

Hie brooded over the funcied slight for several days. On Sunday he was sent after The Sun, which Mr. Jepson, like all well-regulated actors, reads every day. After an absence of fitteen minutes Gretch, with a peculiar y cunning expression in his eyes, returned without the treasured paper. He wagged his tail, shock his head, and tried to indicate in various other ways that the newsman from whom he usually received the paper had not shown up. It could not be found along the path leading to the gate where the newsman and Gretch exchanged Sunday salutations. Mr. Jepson had to got be church without his breakfast.

On the following Sunday Gretch was again sent after the paper, and again came back without it. This time, however, he was watched. He was seen to take the paper from the newsman and then sneak a few rods away from the path, dig a hole, and bury the paper in it. When he returned he started in to lie about his mission in expressive pantonime. Mr. Jepson interrupted him with a warning forefinger and the remark that he, Gretch, ought to be ashamed of himself for his duplicity, Gretch seemed to have guessed what had happened, and ran off and got the paper, which he deposited at his master's feet with contrition, Gretch evidently knew, the actor thinks, that The Sun was prized in the household, and he concealed it to get even with the family for shutting him out of the dining room. concealed it to get even with the shutting him out of the dining room.

A GRATEFUL BULLDOG.

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A GRATEFUL BULLDOG.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., July 19.—Grocer Johnson is the leading Ocean county bird, dog, and loss il fancier. When anybody has a dog that he doesn't want, the groceryman is always ready to take him on trial. Chas. F. Naething, the Fulton street caterer, who has a winter cottage here, had a buildog of which he grew weary. Grocer Johnson him deen Sporty a number of times. He greatly admired the dog's pir-fighting mouth, which opens well hack to his ears, and agreed to relieve Mr. Naething of his burden. Sporty took to his new home kindly, and as he only took a few of the neighbors' chickens, one at a time, for which the grocer willingly and handsomely paid, he became a general favorite.

Sporty, in an endeavor not long ago to canture a pullet, severely injured one of his naws by sudden contact with a shovel in the hands of the owner of the fowl. Sporty beat a hasty retreat. He had two lady riends on Second street, and to them he repaired for treatment and consolation. They gave both so generously that he daily visited his friends, when his wound was dressed and he was fed. Sporty soon recovered, and for a time conducted himself with becoming propriety. But his appetite for chicken got the better of his deportment a few days ago, and he again fell from grace. This time, attempting to clear a barbed-wire lence, he badly tore the muscles and floady of one of his hind legs. He had not been to see his lady friends since they had mended his lacerated jaw, but he brought his game leg to them before it was done bleeding. They gave him their best attention, and he came as frequently as on the former oceasion to receive it. Yestero's, nat their holders, he disappeared, but in less than an hour returned, bringing with him a fine broiter, which he laid carofully on the door mat, and then informed his fire had so this gratitude for what they had done for him by calling them to the front doer in the dow manner of running tackward and

WELCOMED TO PRESNO WITH HONORS.

welcomed to pressed with honors.

From the Freme Expedition.

"Old Bummer," the town dog, owned by Major Penicke, is one of the best known characters in Fresno. He saw Fresno long before it assumed any proportions as a city. He made friends who are devotedly lond of him." Old Bum." when quite young, had the misfortune to lose his right fore leg. For nearly a year his health has failed, and, although he still maintains his corpulent proportions, it is plain to be seen that he does not, owing to some complaint, enjoy life as in former years.

Some months ago Major Denicke concluded that a lack of exercise was the cause of his alling, and went to work with a view of remedying the evil. Having only three legs and a stump, which with great difficulty reached the ground, it was determined to have a wooden log attached to the shortened member in order that the required exercise might be taken without overexertion, which he was necessarily subjected to. To this end a veterinary surgeon of San Francisco was consulted, who claimed he was able to repair the injured member. "Old Rum" was then sent to San Francisco, and the skill of the veterinary in this instance has been baffled. Several legs were made, all of which proved ineffectual for any use. The change of climate has done all that could be desired, however, except to make whole the short leg. "Old Bum" is now quite as apry, so Major Denicke is informed by the attending surgeon, as he was in the days of old, and he returned home this alternoon on the 50 clock train.

"Old Bum" will be met at the depot by the members of the Board of Trustees and a large delegation of citizens, who will wait upon him in carriages and afterward escort him to Denicke's where, at the latter's invitation, a "bumper will be drunk to his health."

TAUGHT TO STEAL.

TAUGHT TO STEAL.

Frees the London Teleoruph.

A "dog this!" is one of the latest of Parisian queer things and curiosities. Last week a big Newfoundland dog went into a large shop or store near the Basille, and, after having "prespected around" for some time, selected a bundle of shooting lackets, selzed them between

HOW TO ELUDE BLOODHOUNDS.

From the St. Louis Elebe-Democrat.

The tracks of the incendiary were discovered, and J. A. Truis's bloodhounds were out on his trait, but the cunning seoundrel used a novel device for building the keen-scented brutes. He sprinkled cavenne in his tracks, and this the hounds got in their eyes and noses, causing them great agony and cauling their usefulness for the time being.

BETWIXT BEAR AND PRECIPICE. From the atlanta Constitution.

He was Hard Pressed.

From the stands Constitution.

Two Run, Ga., July 12.—The following story is told by Mr. W. H. Minerey, who has just returned from Towns county:

"I visited the commencement of the Young Harria Institute. Having enjoyed the exercises, I decided to take a trip through the mountains on foot, and, being unable to persuade any one to accompany me, proceeded alone. By the time the sun had reached its zenith I had ieft the waving fields of grain behind and was among the mountains. I sat down upon a flat rock by the side of a streamlet, which murmured by, dashing down a little shoal just below.

"Here, after resting a short time. I pursued my journey and travelled on until 2 o'clock, when I saw to my right a mountain towering high above, its summit almost kissing the sky. I decided to ascend.

"I had not proceeded far when a perpendicular citif about seventy-five feet in height confronted me, but I decided to flank it and pursue my way. Turning to the right, I came to a place where the cilff was more slanting, and here and there grew a few vines, shrubs, and bunches of grass in the crovices. I began the task of cilmbing, which I found difficulty in accomplishing, and was soon apprised of the fact that when once up I would not be able to descend at that place, but by the aid of my walking cane and pulling to the vines, grass, and bushes, I soon succeeded in reaching near the top. But I was much confused when I saw another perpendicular cliff, about twelve feet high, still above, shutting in on all sides, Looking around for some way to escape from this prison into which I had rambled. I was delighted to see a narrow passage leading out above the first cliff, which had impeded my progress. Taking this narrow passage leading out above the first cliff, which had impeded my progress. Taking this narrow passage leading out above the first cliff, which had impeded my entile became nearer and nearer to the edge of the lower one, until the passage was about four feet with a marriage which was almost level

effect the straingom upon which I had fallen I jerked off my coat and hat and placed them upon my cane. By this time the bear was almost ready to leap upon me. I pitched out my cane with the coat and hat upon it, as if it were myself making a spring to get away. The bear, with a roar, made a clumsy leap at them, and over the piecipice he wont, carrying coat and hat in his embrace.

"In the height of cestasy I called out. 'Goodby, old fellow. Take good care of my coat and hat, I will go down after them after a bit." I leaped to the top of the cilif above, and, going around some distance, got down there at last, and cound the bear had no further use for the coat and hat.

"I went to a house some miles distant, and told the man about what had happened. He told me to make myself at home, and he, getting up some others, went for the bear. They came in next morning with him, and gave me the skin, which I shall keep all my life, and dying, mention it in my will, bequeathing it as a rich legacy to my posterity."

OLD MAN LUNDSFORD'S FLIGHT.

to Capture a Flock of Wild Geese. From the Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. M. C. Kiser, solemn after the manner of amen brethren, and scrupulous in statement as the wary witness who testified that his aname was." Abraham Jones, or words to that effect." has yet this tale to tell. He says it was told him many years ago by a gentleman of character and reputation for veracity:

"Old man Lundsford was out hunting one day when he heard the familiar cronk! of wild geese away up in the sky. Their keen eyes discovered a creek, and down they had taken forty-eight sittless in different parts of the leg. Stab was placed. "Old man Lundsford was out hunting one day when he heard the familiar 'cronk! cronk! of wild geese away up in the sky. Their keen eyes discovered a creck, and down they came to a broad and deep pool made by a widening of the channel 100 yards above.

Afraid to go within gunshot for fear of frightening them off. Lundsford sat still and thought the matter over. As he did so his eye fell upon a stout piece of very large co.d. the end of which hung out of his hunting bag. A happy thought struck him, and he pulled out the cord to see if it was long enough. It was fliteen feet; that was enough and to spare.

"Colling the cord carefully around his left arm, he crept cautiously to a bend of the creek where he was out of sight of the geese. Quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he waded slowly up the creek, keeping well under the bank to avoid frightening the geese. The bend concealed him from them until he was within about thirty yards.

"Through the overhanging foliage he could just see them salling, diving, and coverting about the pool. They were in high spirits, and appeared to be totally unconscious that they were watched. There were fourteen geese and one big gander, who kept aloof and looked on at the sport as if it was a little too undignified for him.

"Lundsford had been a wonderful diver in bis boy days, and now he prepared for a long swim under the sufface. Dipping noiselessly

were watched. There were fourteen genes and one big gander wite kept altool and poined on the gander wite kept altool and poined on the proposal of the propos

thing rather than land in that town. Then be clucked encourasinely to his fourteen winged; steeds and gently jerked the cord as if he were jerking the reins of his herse, but still they labored. The old gander's hoarse crount is cround the reins of his herse, but still they labored. The old gander's hoarse crount is constituted with the cord in the cor

ATTACKED BY A BEAR,

A Kentuckian Has a Hard Time With a Pet Gone Wild,

Pet Gone Wild.

Frank Selfried, Jr., the pork butcher at Thirty-fifth and Bank streets, is the owner of two black bears, in which he takes great pride. The animals are kept chained in an outhouse, and have been furnishing a great deal of amusement to the men. women, and children of the neighborhood. When Henry G, Umbrett of S.428 Bank street was knocked down and clawed by the big male bear about two weeks ago, some of the neighborhos sympathized with him in his sufferings, while others declared that he deserved what he got and was served right for teasing the bear, in which the whole community took such an interest. Umbrett is still confined to his bed from his wounds. Yesterday afternoon the bear claimed his second victim, when Frank Staab, the engineer at the bork house, missed death by a narrow margin. The two bears were bought by Selfried when small cubs a year ago, and now they are about twenty months old. The male weighs 350 tounds, and has a very savage and quarrelsome disnosition. The smaller is the female, a 200-pound animal, very decile and tame. The pair of animals are destined for the sawdust ring, or as a means of livelihood to some poor bind man, and for the past six months their education has been progressing very favorably under the tutelage of "Prot." Fred Utzey, who has taught them quite a number of difficult and comical tricks.

At 5 o'clock pesterday afternoon the animals

under the tuteinge of "Prof." Fred Utzey, who has taught them quite a number of difficult and comical tricks.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon the animals were going through their gaits and accomplishments, much to the edification of a large crowd which had assembled to witness the entertainment. After the performance half a dozen men, with Staab among the number, stood about discussing the points of the bears. Staab was caressing and playing with the little one, and paid no attention to the savage animal which was moving restle-sly up and down the length of his chain. With a rush the bear sprang upon the stooping man and seized him with his paws. Staab stempted to get away and seized a post, to which he clung to prevent the bear dragging him away. All the time the bear dragging him away. All the time the bear was clawing him with tore teet and hind, and at every scratch blood poured, and the man's cries for assistance were pitiful. His companions were so astonished at the assauit of the bear that they seemed to have lost their presence of mind and were slow to set. Fully two minutes passed before any aid was given Staab, and then John Young and Fred Schillinger seized Staab and tore him from the clutches of the bear. Weak and fainting from loss of blood and pain Staab was laid upon the floor, while hurrying messengers found Dr. Charles W. Parsons and Dr. John S. Douglas. The physicians examined the man and found that his right leg was horribly mangled. The skin was leverated, and in many places the animal's claws had dug furrows in the flesh, leaving the bone exposed. His knee-cap was torn from the bone exposed.

in a meat wagon and taken to his home at 2.216
Duncan stree! Staab is 27 years old, with a
wite and family dependent upon him for support. While his injuries are not fatal, they will
keep him in bed for several months to come.
His sufferings are very acute.

Craddock's Fight with a Serpent, From the Kansas City Times.

Marshall, Mo., July 9.—P. S. Sandidge and James H. Craddock were looking for bean poles this afternoon in a bushy ravine on Craddock's larm, five miles south of this sity, when, hearing Craddock making a strange noise, sandidge looked around to behold a snake as thick as his arm with its head almost in Craddock's face, and the latter standing as if in a terrible nightmare making a hoase gurgling noise in his fright. The lower part of the infurnated teptile was coiled around Craddock's right leg, and he stood as if paralyzed.

Finally, nerved to desperation by the enake's hot breath, Craddock selzed the serpent, which was of the dark-blue flatting species commonly called "blue racers," around the neek just below the head. Then the contest between man and snake began. The new frenzied reptile lashed Craddock cruelly with its tail and the lower portion of its body, skinning his face and cutting his clothes into ribbons. Despairing of killing his squirming and slippery antagonist. Craddock released his hold on the snake's neck, when it gave a great spring and hurled itself through the air about ten feet, alighting in some bushes and gilding away swift as a flash.

Craddock was so relaxed after the terrible strain that he could hardly speak. Sandidge stood spellbound, as if mesmerized by the fearful sight, and could neither move hand or foot during the singular combat. When deliyering the account in this city he turned very pale, and it was feared he would faint.

The snake was about twelve feet long and was probably aroused by Craddock steeping on it. The blue racer, to which variety the snake belonged, is very resentful and vinderlive, and a desperate fighter when exasperated.